

Golden Inspiration
by White Wolf Fan Fiction

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Summary: (Part of an Old Project) What inspires you to do what you do? For Ghirahim, that answer has never been simpler. (Drabble)
(Au)

Golden Inspiration

White Wolf Fan Fiction Presents:

~Golden Inspiration~

A Skyward Sword Au

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><p>Title: Golden Inspiration

Words: 378

Warnings: Yaoi (Boy Love), fluff

Pairings: Ghirahim/Link

Disclaimer: I own nothing but the idea for the au.

Summary: What inspires you to do what you do? For Ghirahim, that answer has never been simpler.

A/N: Part of an old thing on Tumblr called the Drabble Kingdom. Trying to get that back up, admittedly, but it's a slow going process. *sighs* Apologies for any who's actually heard of this blog.

Inspiration.

It's something that makes someone want to do something or that gives someone an idea about what to do or what to create: a force or influence that inspires someone. This is the definition that life gives you. But the thing is, you never know what your inspiration is or if it's ever going to come to you.

Because people can have different things that inspire them, for someâ€| it's a song, or maybe a piece of art or maybe even a story. For others, it's a saying that inspires them. For most, it can be a number of things. But mostly, it's other people that inspire them.

For Ghirahim- a talented and very famous artist- his inspiration came in the form of a very beautiful and very talented blonde haired, blue eyed, musician. And his name is Link.

Link may not have looked like much to some people, with a messy street type of look, but he was everything to Ghirahim. The painter could paint him all day if he was able to.

Of course, it was difficult to paint, or even sketch, Link when Ghirahim kept getting distracted.

So, sitting on a stool, with a sketch pad in front of him and a pencil in his hand, he stared at Link with a small- dreamy, if you will- smile on his lips. He loved the way that Link moved when he was playing his guitar and how his eyes lit up with every emotion possible when he sang the words to the songs he played. He especially loved the look that he got in his eyes, or the genuine smile that played on his lips, when he looked at Ghirahim.

When it came down to it, he could literally spend all day just watching his muse, but in the end he would not have a single line drawn on the piece of paper that he always carried with him whenever he came to see Link perform. Either to the little kids at the orphanage or to the old people at the nursing home. Hell, even to the teenagers at the old high school down the street from his studio.

Ghirahim loved the blonde, it was true, but he really needed to stop being so... distracting.

End
file.